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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SHADOW

10c

COMICS



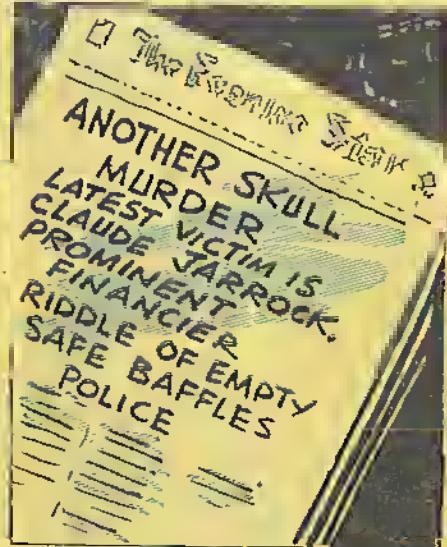
ANOTHER SKULL MURDER!
Even Though The Empty Safe
Riddle Baffles Police
THE SHADOW
Proves That
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!!

The Shadow and The Crystal Skull



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BUT HOW
ARE WE
GOING TO
TRACE THE
MONEY
?

CRANSTON IS RIGHT!!! ALREADY,
AT THE PRENTENTIOUS HOME OF
ONE THEOPHILUS THORNEAU, THE
WEED OF CRIME IS REAPING
FRUIT THAT HAS NOT YET TURNED
BITTER !!!

VERY SIMPLY.
TO COVER UP
SUCH FUNDS, THE
MAN WHO GAINED
THEM WILL MAKE SOME
PECULIAR INVESTMENTS.
WE SHALL WATCH
FOR SUCH!

WELL, NEBO, THERE
COMES ANOTHER
LOAD OF WEALTH
THAT NOBODY
WILL EVER
TRACE!

OF COURSE, I
DESERVE SOME
CREDIT FOR
BUMMING OFF
THOSE LUGS AFTER
THEY FORKED
OVER THE
CASH

CERTAINLY,
NEBO...

YOU'RE
SMART,
MR.
THORNEAU

INVESTING THE MONEY
IN ANTIQUES IS
SOMETHING THAT
NOBODY WILL
SUSPECT!

AND BUMMING
OFF THE GUYS
WHO DELIVERED
THE CASH, MEANS
YOU GET ALL THE
GRAYVY... ONLY DON'T
FORGET ME!

BUT IT WAS I WHO SOLD
THEM ON THE IDEA THAT
THE ORDER OF THE
CRYSTAL SKULL WAS
WORKING ONE FOR ALL...
INSTEAD OF ALL FOR ONE...
AND THAT ONE MYSELF!!



I WON'T FORGET YOU,
NEBO, WHEN WE HAVE
THE FINAL
RECKONING

THANKS
BOSS!

HOWEVER, JUDGING FROM EVENTS
ELSEWHERE, THEOPHILUS THORNEAU
AND HIS STOOGE, NEBO, MAY BE IN
FOR A DIFFERENT SORT OF
RECKONING THAN THEY EXPECT!!

EXCEPT THAT
IT'S ALL OUT OF
ANTIQUES! WHO'S
BEEN BUYING
THEM, HENRY?

AND HE HAS BEEN BUYING
FROM MANY OTHER DEALERS,
TOO. NOW, HE SAYS THAT HE IS
GOING TO SELL. WAIT... I SHALL
GIVE YOU ONE OF HIS
SPECIAL INVITATIONS

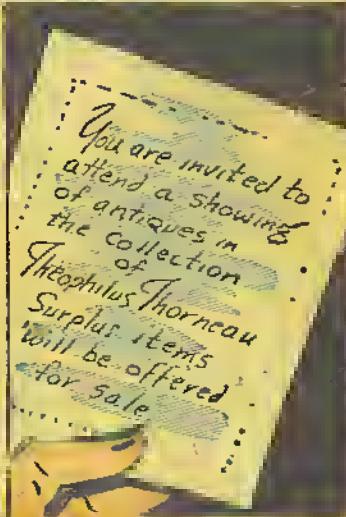
WHAT A
LOVELY
ANTIQUE
SHIP!

M'SIEU
THORNEAU
HAS BOUGHT
MANY LATELY!



WHAT A
LOT OF CARS!
HOW ARE WE
GOING TO
WATCH
EVERYBODY
?

I'LL WATCH EVERYBODY
EXCEPT THORNEAU.
YOU KEEP TABS ON
HIM, BUT REPORT
BACK ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS!



AND NOW, IF YOU WILL
STEP THIS WAY, I SHALL
SHOW YOU ANOTHER ROOM
OF REMARKABLE
ANTIQUES...

I'LL BE
SEEING
YOU
LATER,
MARGO

LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW...

A LOOK AROUND THESE
GROUNDS WILL BE VALUABLE
FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

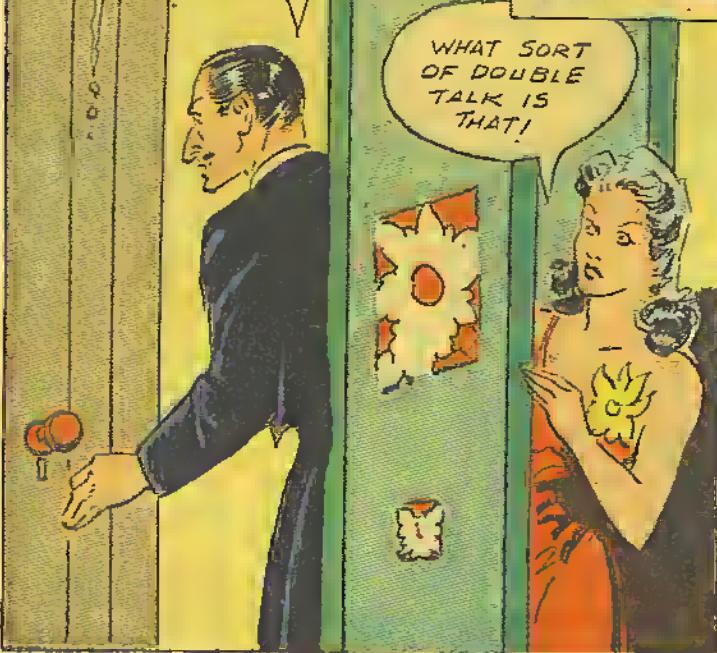
THIS
WAY
PLEASE, TO
THE LAST
ANTIQUE
ROOM!

ALRIGHT,
BOYS, GET
'BUSY!'

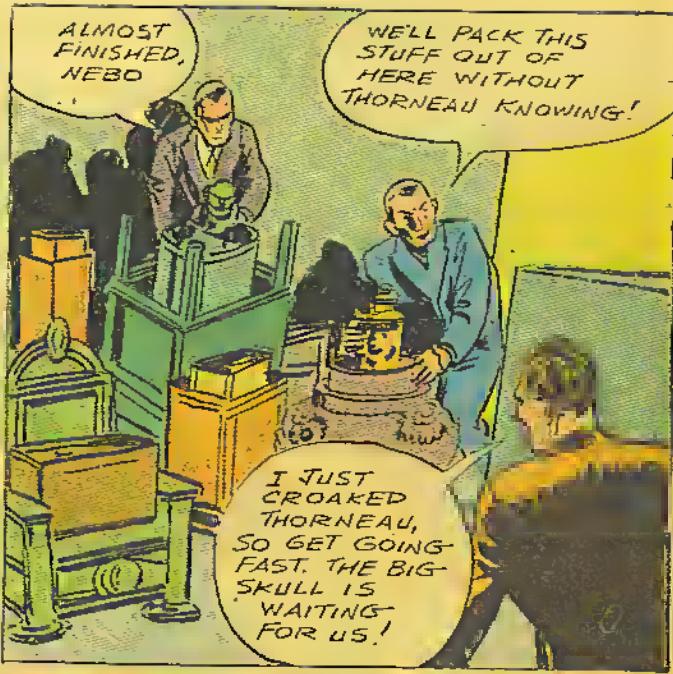
YES... THIS IS
MR. THORNEAU...

THERE GOES
THORNEAU INTO
HIS STUDY! I'M
GOING TO FIND
OUT WHY!

HE'S
ANSWERING
THE PHONE!
ILL LISTEN
IN...





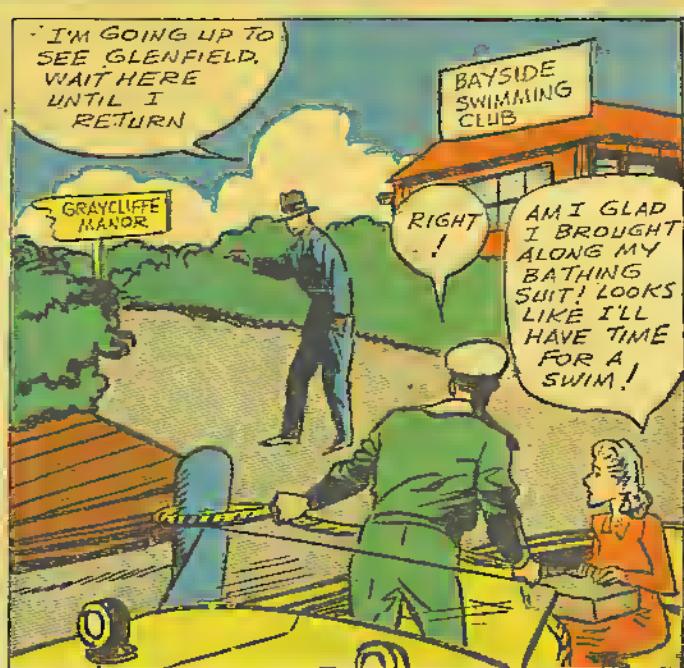
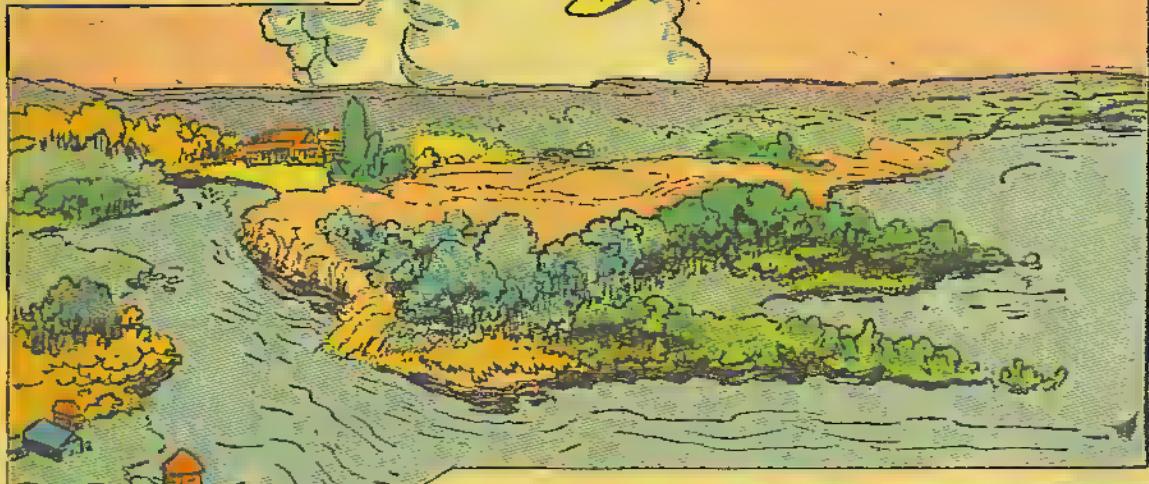
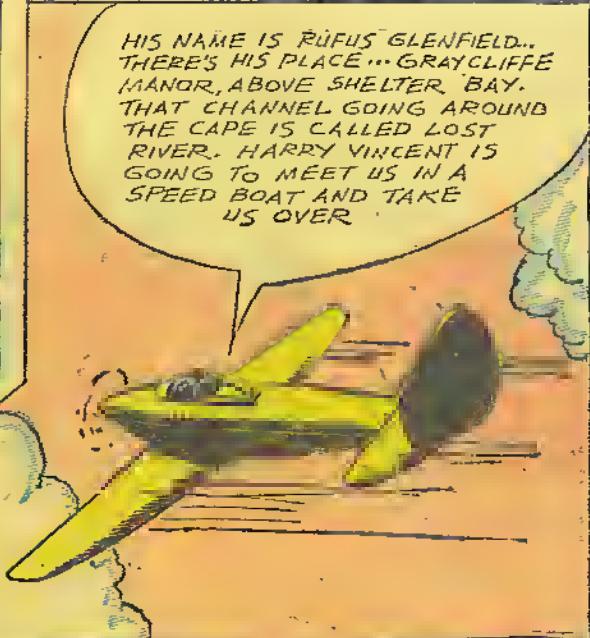


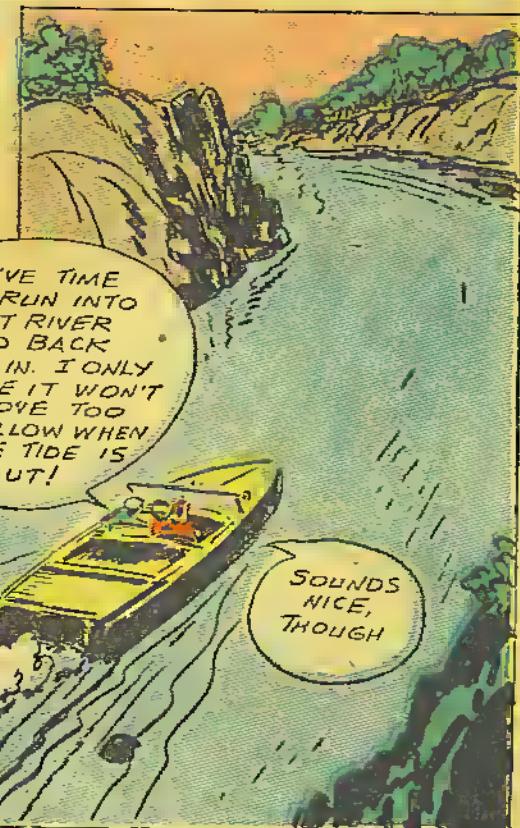
THE NEXT DAY

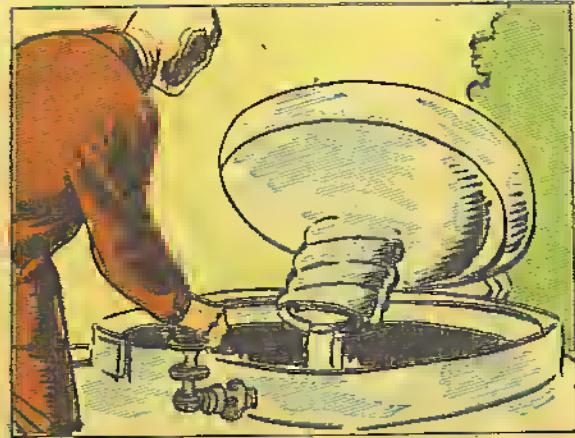
WHY ARE WE
TAKING THIS
PLANE TRIP,
LAMONT?

BECAUSE I'VE
CHECKED ON ALL
OF THORNEAU'S
FRIENDS AND
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WHOSE PLACE
COULD BE
REACHED BY
BOAT

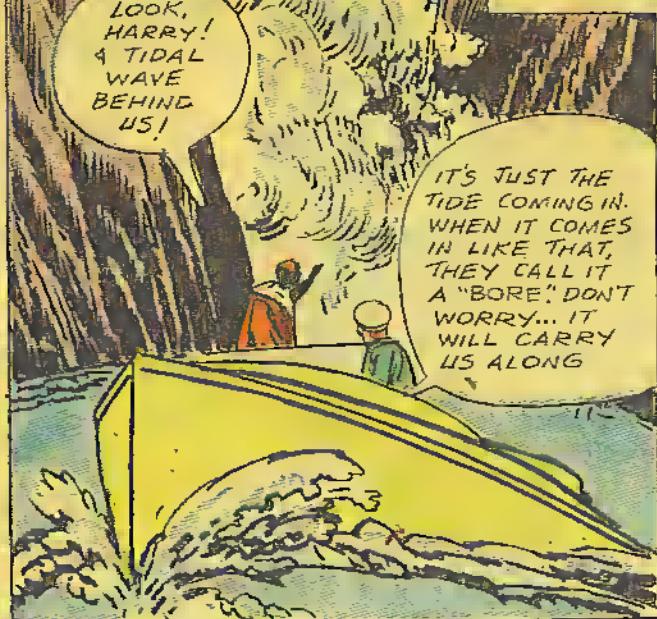
HIS NAME IS RUFUS GLENFIELD...
THERE'S HIS PLACE... GRAYCLIFFE
MANOR, ABOVE SHELTER BAY.
THAT CHANNEL GOING AROUND
THE CAPE IS CALLED LOST
RIVER. HARRY VINCENT IS
GOING TO MEET US IN A
SPEED BOAT AND TAKE
US OVER.







AND MEANWHILE...



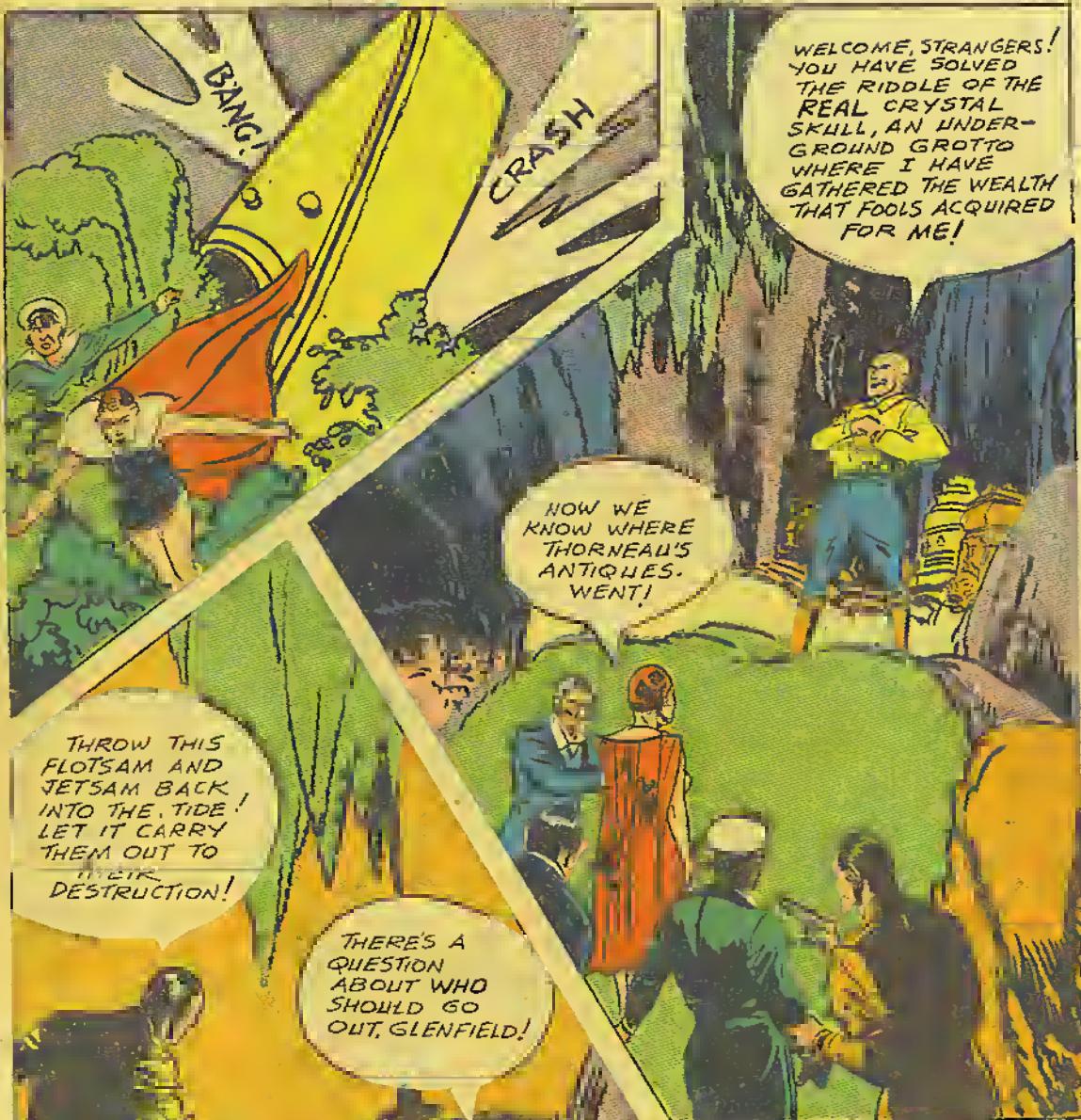
WHEN OUT, GO OUT! BUT WE CAN'T GO OUT BECAUSE THE TIDE IS COMING IN!

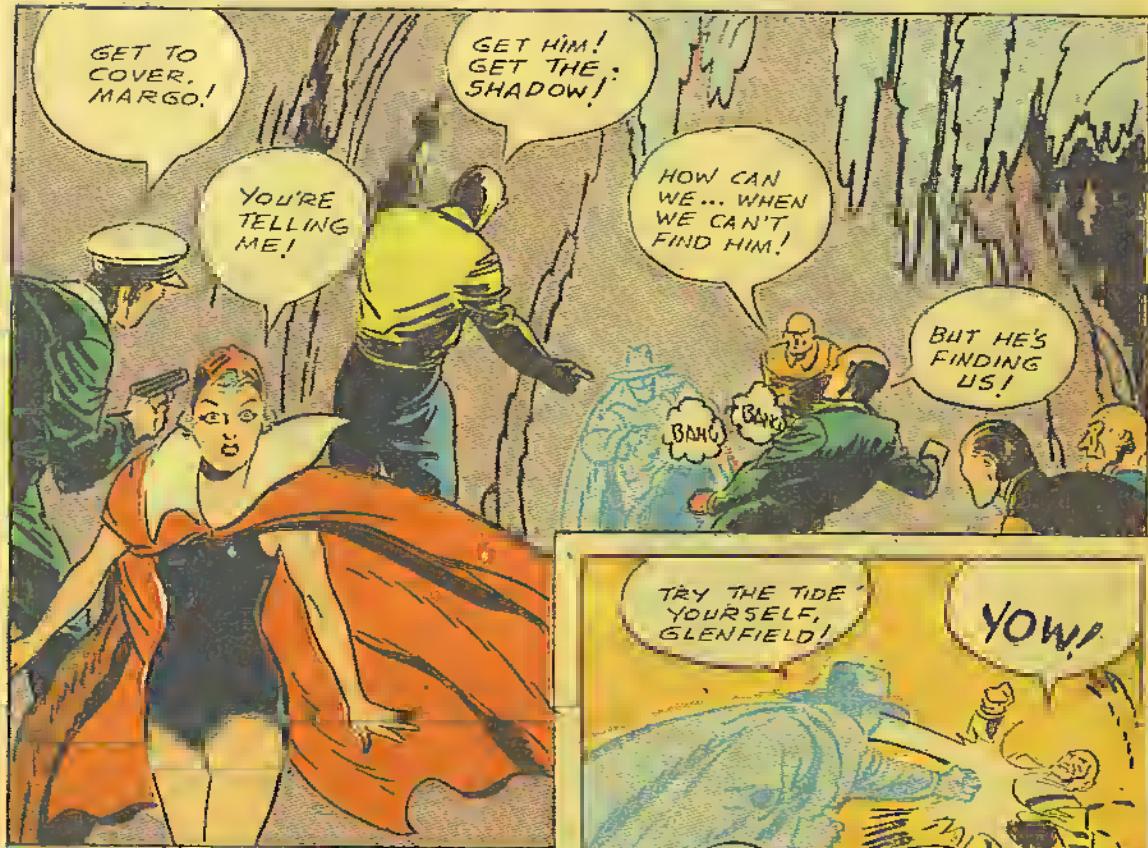
WHEN IN, STAY OUT! NOW THE TIDE IS COMING IN, BUT WE DIDN'T STAY OUT!

THAT'S WHAT IT MEANT! YOU'VE GOT IT, MARGO!

AND IT'S GOT US! LOOK HARRY... A DEAD-END DEATH'S HEAD DEAD'AHEAD!

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH RIDE HARRY AND MARGO TO LEARN THE REAL RIDDLE OF THE CRYSTAL SKULL!!!



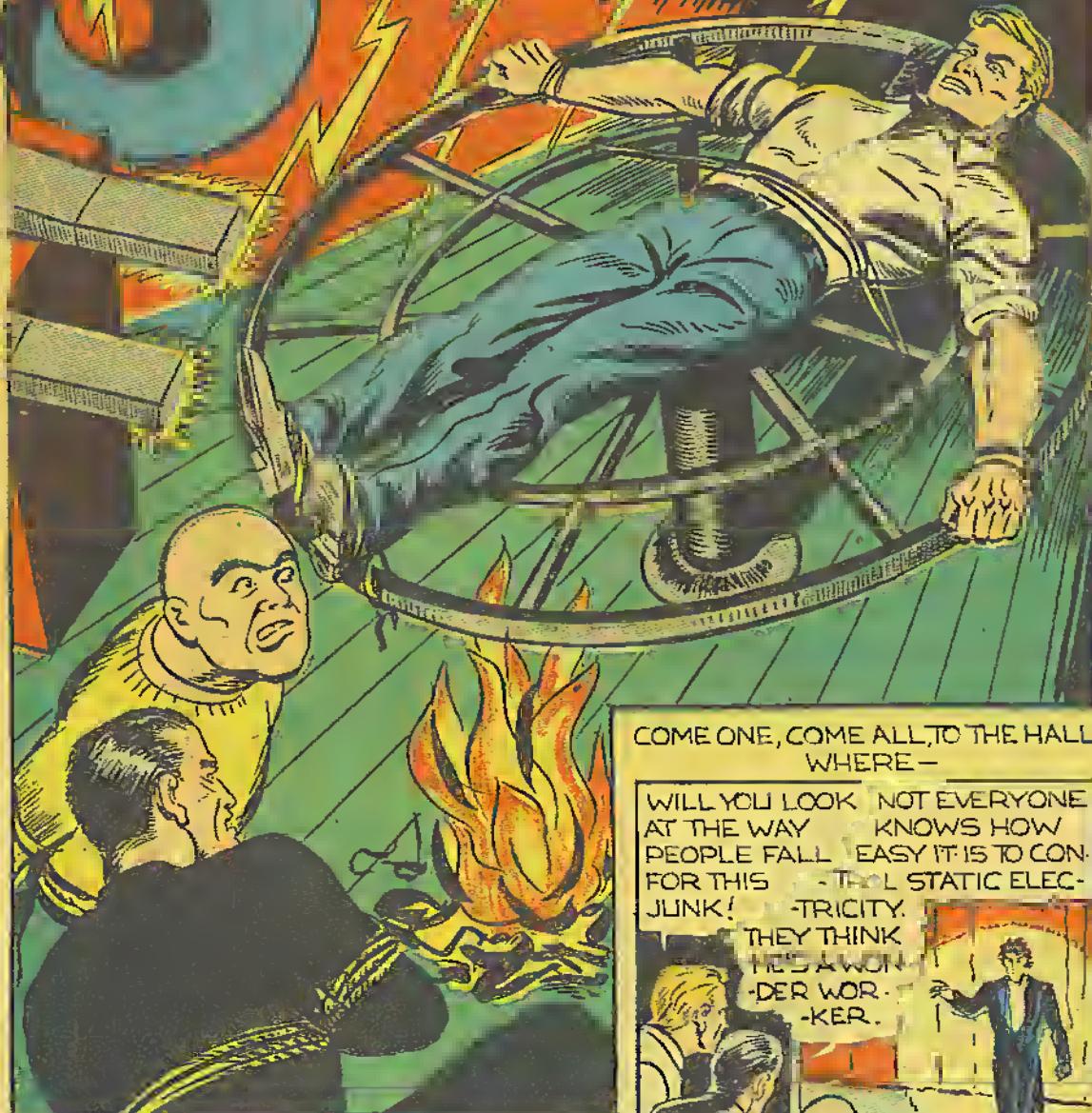


AMONG THE HAUNTS OF
BLACKBEARD
THE NOTORIOUS PIRATE,
A MODERN PIRACY
SCHEME IS LAUNCHED—
AND
NEXT MONTH
THE SHADOW
FIGHTS PIRACY
AMONG
THE GOLDEN ISLES

IN HOT FOOT DELUXE

DOC

WADGE



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE WAS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE JAM DOC AND HIS AIDES GOT INTO WHEN THEY TRAILED "THE MAN WHO COULD MAKE LIGHTNING"

COME ONE, COME ALL, TO THE HALL WHERE—

WILL YOU LOOK NOT EVERYONE AT THE WAY KNOWS HOW PEOPLE FALL EASY IT IS TO CON FOR THIS — TOL STATIC ELECTRICAL JUNK! — TRICITY.

THEY THINK HE'S A WONDER WORKER.

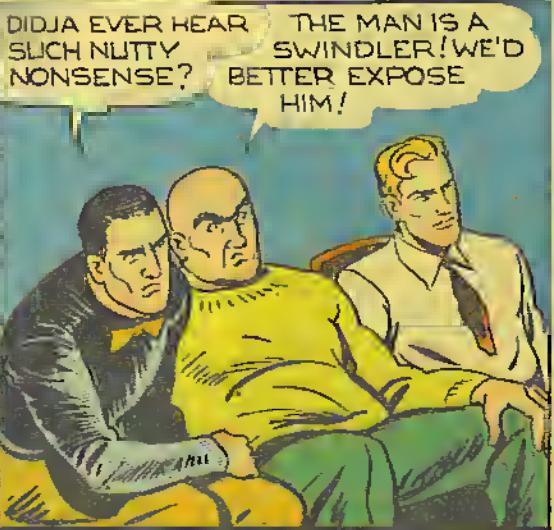




MY BODY IS A HUMAN DYNAMO!
I CAN REJUVENATE ALL OF
YOU! RESTORE YOUR
YOUTH, JUST AS I HAVE
MINE! I AM MORE
THAN TWO HUNDRED
YEARS OLD, BUT MY
SECRET HAS
GIVEN ME YOUTH!
WATCH!



YOU SEE!
ELECTRICITY
COURSES
THRU MY
VEINS!



DIDJA EVER HEAR THE MAN IS A
SUCH NUTTY SWINDLER! WE'D
NONSENSE? BETTER EXPOSE
HIM!



AH HA! DOC SAVAGE!
PEOPLE! LISTEN TO ME,
MEN LIKE THESE
ARE JEALOUS OF
MY SECRET! THEY
DON'T WANT OR-
DINARY PEOPLE
TO SHARE IN IT!
THEY'LL STOP AT
NOTHING!



THE POOR
DELUSED
FOOLS! THEY
BELIEVE HIM!

OF COURSE THEY DO!
THEY WON'T EVEN
INTERFERE
WHEN I -



YOU SEE HOW MY POWER TRIUMPHS OVER
THESE POOR MORTALS! REGISTER NOW,
FOR MY COURSE,

AND YOU TOO
CAN RISE SU-
-PERIOR TO
MUNDANE WOR-
RIES! TAKE THEM
AWAY!

IF A WORD OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED HERE EVER REACHES THE POLICE, I SHALL NEVER TEACH ANY OF YOU MY SECRETS!

A LITTLE LATER

SOMEBODY MUSTA HIT ME ON THE HEAD!

IT WAS ME, AND IT WAS MY POWER - NOT A HIT THAT KNOCKED YOU OUT!



WHO YA TRYING TO KID? DON'T BE ABSURD! WHY DID THE LIGHTNINGS NOT EFFECT ME?

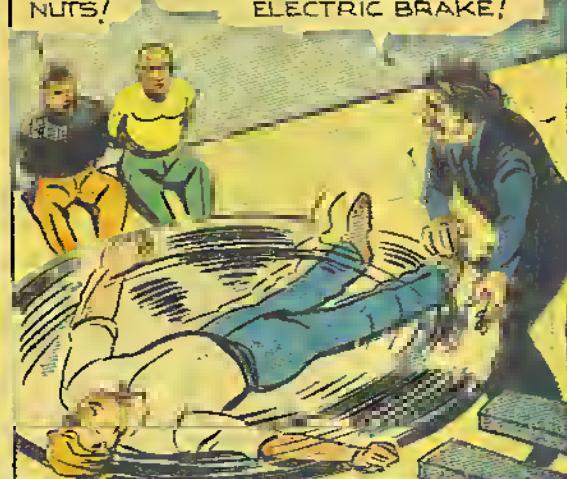
YOU WERE JUST WIRED UP FOR A VOLTAGE CHARGE!

LIGHTNINGS, BAH! YOU WERE WIRED AND STANDING ON A GROUND THAT PROTECTED YOU FROM THE JUICE. THAT'S ALL!



I DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT TO BE ABLE TO FOOL THREE. BUT IT WILL BE A BIG HELP WHEN I CAN SHOW A LETTER SIGNED BY ALL OF YOU THAT I AM GENUINE! YES, IT WILL HELP.

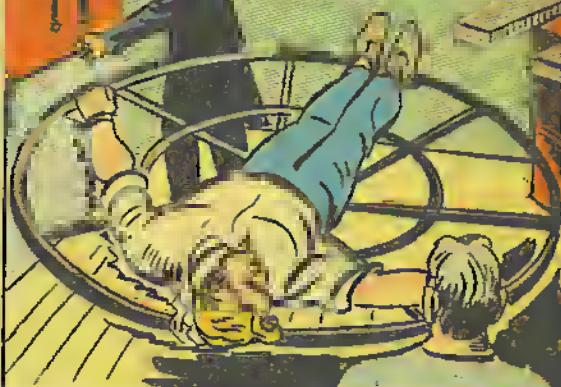
US SIGN! BOY! YOU'RE REALLY NUTS! YOU THINK SO, EH? WAIT'LL YOU'VE HAD A RIDE ON MY MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH THE ELECTRIC BRAKE!



YOU SEE, FIRST WE SPIN IT GOOD AND FAST, THEN WHEN YOUR WITS START TO CURDLE, WE JAM ON THE BRAKES!



HOH HOH! THE MAGNET STOPS IT QUICK! LOOK AT HIS HEAD SNAP! A COUPLE MORE RIDES AND HIS NECK IS LIABLE TO SNAP! WHAT A SHAME!



HERE WE GO AGAIN, AROUND AND AROUND THE WHEEL GOES AND WHERE IT STOPS, NO-BODY KNOWS -

IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON HIS SCRAPPY NECK-I'D-



SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, DR. ELECTRO, BUT THERE'S SOME SLUCKERS UPSTAIRS DYING TO GIVE YOU SOME DOUGH!

AH ME, BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE! LEAD ON, I'LL FOLLOW!

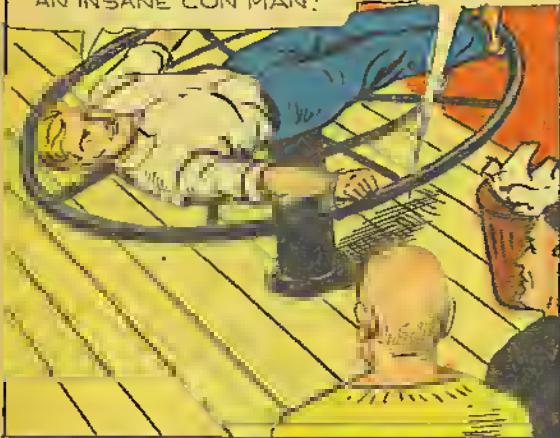


THERE! I WILL LEAVE THE MAGNET ON SO THAT THE WHEEL CANNOT BE MOVED.HAH - SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR FROM THOSE TOOLS! I GO, BUT SHALL RETURN IN A MOMENT!



HMM! THIS IS A PRETTY HOW DO YOU DO! WE GO OUT FOR SOME ENTERTAINMENT AND WIND UP BEING THE ENTERTAINMENT FOR AN INSANE CON MAN!

DOC, THINK FAST! HOW CAN WE GET YOU LOOSE?



IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON ONE OF THOSE TOOLS - WAIT! HAM, MONK! ROLL ACROSS THE FLOOR TILL YOU'RE UNDER MY FEET!



IT'S NO USE, DOC, WE'RE TIED SO WE CAN'T GET UP! COULD RISE AN' TRY TO OUR FEET! WE TURN THE WHEEL CAN'T REACH THE SO YOU COULD REACH, TOOLS! WE COULDN'T! THAT MAGNET IS TOO STRONG!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL USE HIS OWN GAG TO ESCAPE! MONK, HAM, SET FIRE TO THE WASTE IN THAT BASKET. AIM IT SO THE FLAMES TOUCH THE WHEEL! NOW HE ASKS US TO GIVE HIM A HOT FOOT!



I DON'T GET IT, DOC! WHAT NOW?

WATCH THE WHEEL!



THE WHEEL - IT'S - IT'S MOVING!

OF COURSE! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ONE OF OUR FIRST LAWS OF MAGNETISM! NOW IF THERE'S ONLY TIME BEFORE THAT MANIAC COMES BACK -



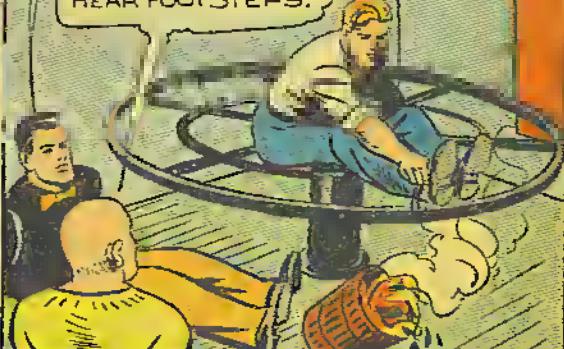
GOOD GRIEF, DOC,
GET A WIGGLE ON,
THE WHEEL WILL
BRING YOUR HEAD
OVER THE FIRE
IN A MINUTE!

I COULD STAND THE
HOT FOOT BUT I DON'T
FEEL LIKE GETTING A
HOT HEAD! —THERE-



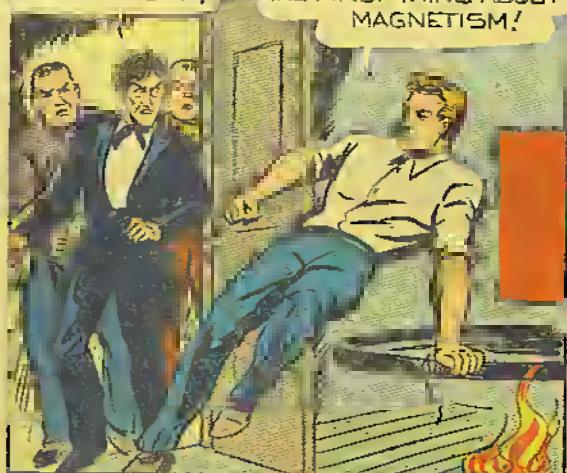
WHAT A DOPE I AM, ALL I
GOTTA DO IS KICK THE FIRE
OUT OF THE WAY!

DOC, HURRY! I
HEAR FOOTSTEPS!



WHAT THE — HE
GOT LOOSE! THAT'S

IMPOSSIBLE? NOT TO
ANYONE WHO KNOWS
THE FIRST THING ABOUT
MAGNETISM!



DOC, BE CAREFUL!
THEY'RE PULLING
GUNS!

TSK! TSK! WHAT
NAUGHTY BOYS!



THAT TAKES
CARE OF THE
GUNS!

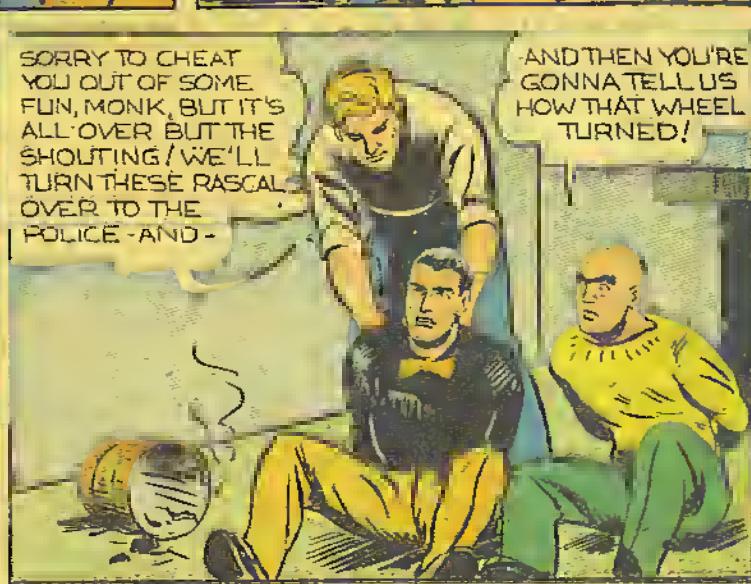
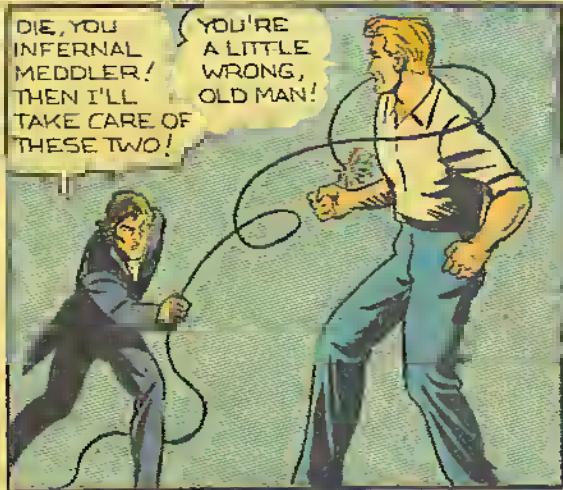
LOUIE, TONY, WAIT THERE!
I'LL TURN THE MAGNET
OFF AND YOU CAN
GET THEM AGAIN!



JUST HOW LONG DID
YOU THINK YOU COULD
GET AWAY WITH THIS,
ELECTRO?

LONG
ENOUGH TO
TAKE CARE
OF YOU!





BACK AT DOC'S
INCOMPARABLE
LABORATORY

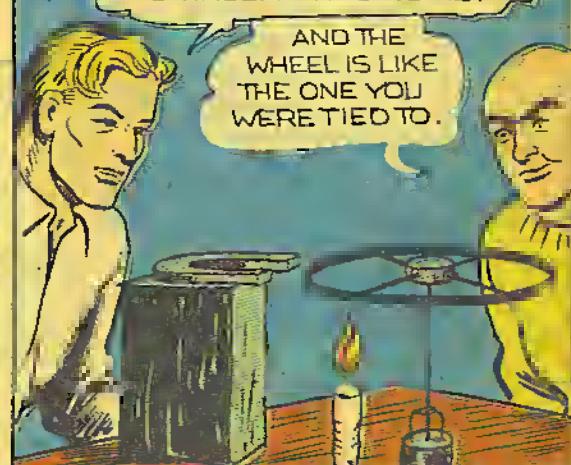
THIS IS SOMETHING
YOU SHOULD
REMEMBER —

I'M SURPRISED AT
THE PAIR
OF YOU! MAYBE I
SHOULD BUT
I DON'T / WHAT'S
THE GAFF?



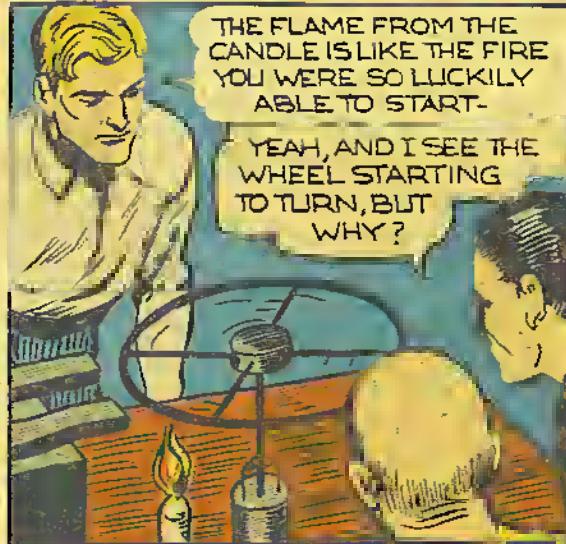
THIS SMALL MAGNET, WE WILL COMPARE
TO THE BIG ELECTRO-MAGNET THAT
SWINDLER WAS USING!

AND THE
WHEEL IS LIKE
THE ONE YOU
WERE TIED TO.



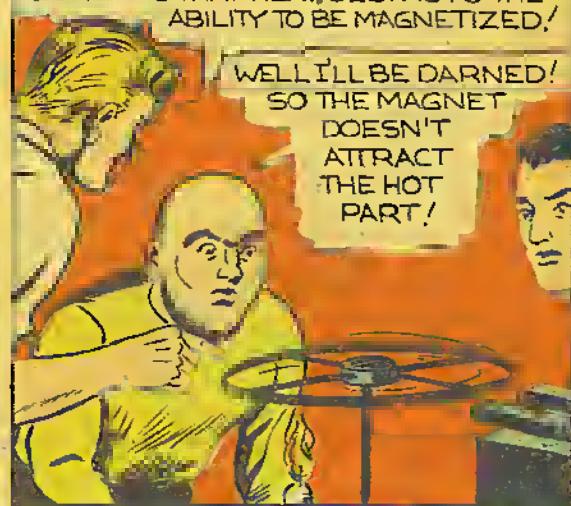
THE FLAME FROM THE
CANDLE IS LIKE THE FIRE
YOU WERE SO LUCKILY
ABLE TO START-

YEAH, AND I SEE THE
WHEEL STARTING
TO TURN, BUT
WHY?



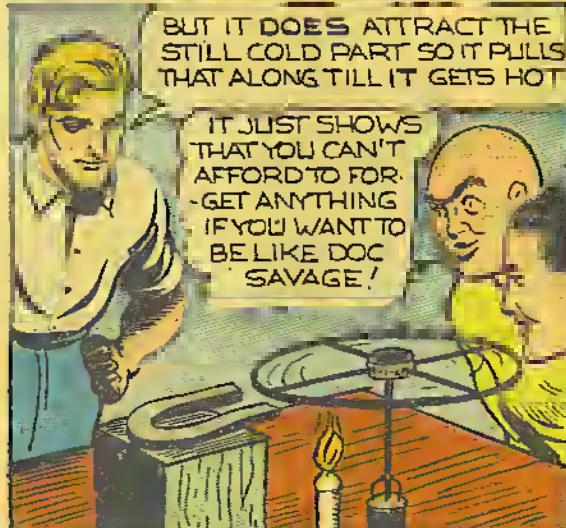
BEFORE WE APPLIED THE FLAME, THE
MAGNET WAS ATTRACTING THE EDGE OF
THE WHEEL! BUT WHAT YOU'VE BOTH FOR-
GOTTEN IS THAT HEAT DESTROYS THE
ABILITY TO BE MAGNETIZED!

WELL I'LL BE DARNED!
SO THE MAGNET
DOESN'T
ATTRACT
THE HOT
PART!



BUT IT DOES ATTRACT THE
STILL COLD PART SO IT PULLS
THAT ALONG TILL IT GETS HOT

IT JUST SHOWS
THAT YOU CAN'T
AFFORD TO FOR-
GET ANYTHING
IF YOU WANT TO
BE LIKE DOC
SAVAGE!



TRY THIS EXPERIMENT YOURSELF! IT'S
AMAZING TO ANYONE NOT IN THE SECRET!

HAVE YOU JOINED
THE
AIR ACES OF AMERICA?
THOUSANDS OF MEMBERSHIPS
ARE COMING IN EACH MONTH

READ
AIR ACE
AND
HELP YOUR SCHOOL GET
INTERESTED IN GLIDERS



YANCEY CRAVAT! WHAT'S A NOTORIOUS GAMBLER LIKE YOU DOING HERE?

CARTER, I'M IN A JAM! I'VE ALWAYS OPERATED OUTSIDE THE LAW--I NEVER CALLED A COP BEFORE--BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!



WHAT'S THE MATTER--SOMEONE RING IN A PAIR OF LOADED DICE ON YOU?

ON ME? HAI! YOU'RE BEING FUNNY! NO, I MUST HAVE A BOOK--ONE CERTAIN BOOK NAMED "THE THEORY OF PERCENTAGE".



THEORY OF PERCENTAGE? YOU MEAN THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ODDS?

PLEASE, CARTER, STOP RIBBING ME--THIS IS SERIOUS--IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS ONE NIGHT NOT LONG AGO, A GUY CAME INTO MY JOINT

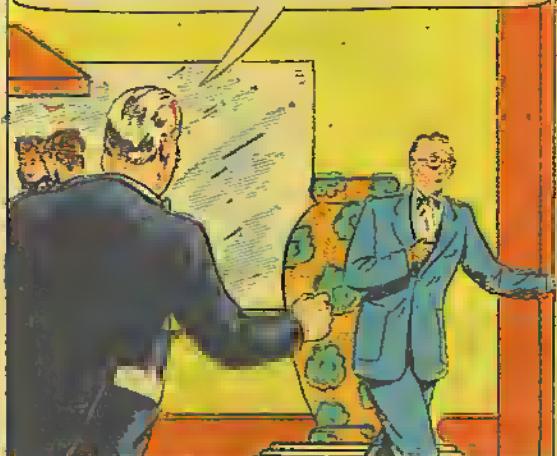


CRAVAT'S STORY....

LOOKS LIKE A GOOD NIGHT FOR THE HOUSE.... OH OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

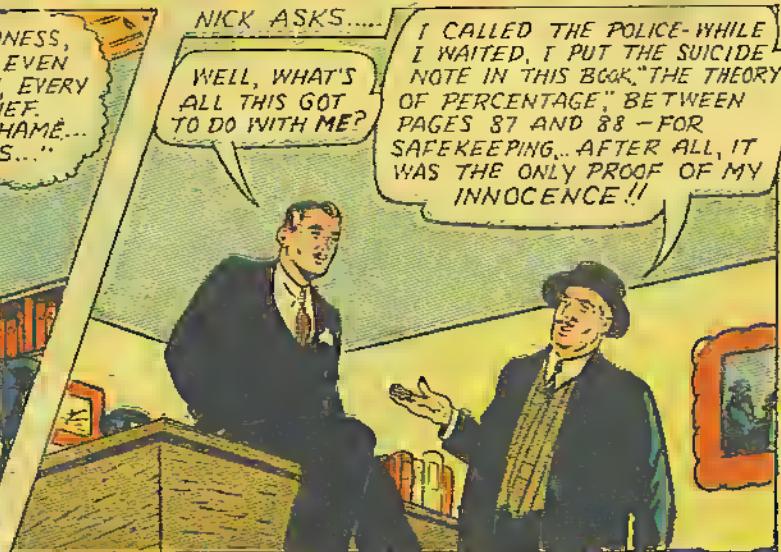
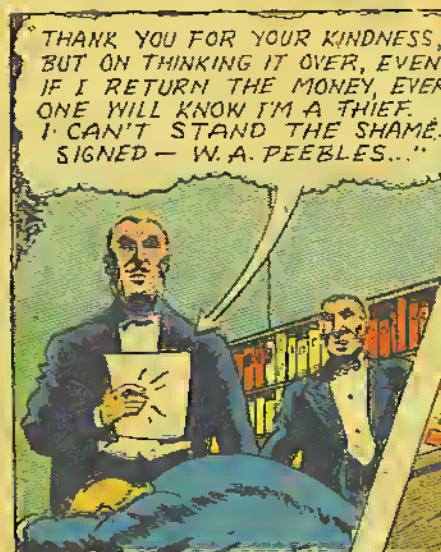
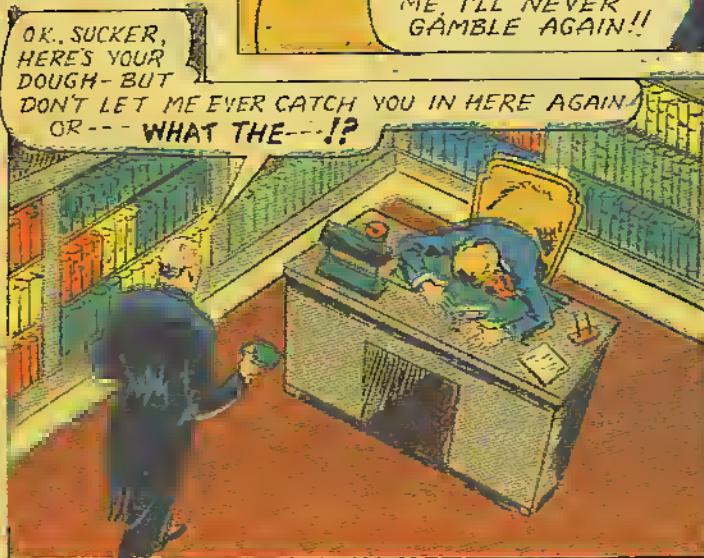
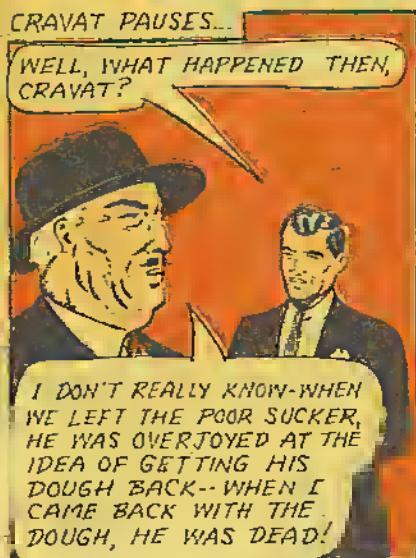


THIS SUCKER LOOKS LIKE HE DROPPED SOME DOUGH THAT DIDN'T BELONG TO HIM--I WONDER IF THAT'S A GUN HE'S GOING FOR



LUGS--GRAB THE SUCKER AND BRING HIM TO MY ROOM... DON'T--OH WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME.....





I STILL
DON'T
SEE
WHY...

IN THE TIME IT TOOK THE COPS TO SHOW UP, THE NOTE DISAPPEARED. SOMEONE SWIPE THE BOOK! NOW THE COPS THINK I KILLED PEEBLES AND RIGGED IT UP TO LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!!

THAT LEAVES YOU IN A NICE SPOT!

VERY NICE! IF YOU CAN'T FIND THE BOOK FOR ME, I'LL FRY FOR A KILLING I DIDN'T COMMIT! COME ON....

CRAVAT'S CLUB....

WHO WENT INTO THE ROOM?

LUGS AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES WE KNOW OF.... BUT LUGS WOULDN'T HAVE COPPED THE BOOK CAUSE HE'S IN THIS THING, TOO....

RULE OUT THE IMPOSSIBLE, AND WHATEVER REMAINS—NO MATTER HOW IMPROBABLE—MUST BE THE SOLUTION—THE BOOK IS STILL HERE IN THIS ROOM!

A BOOK IS TOO BULKY A THING TO CONCEAL ON A PERSON—IF THE ONE WHO TOOK THE BOOK HAD WALKED OUT OF HERE WITH IT, SOMEONE WOULD HAVE SPOTTED THE BULGE.....

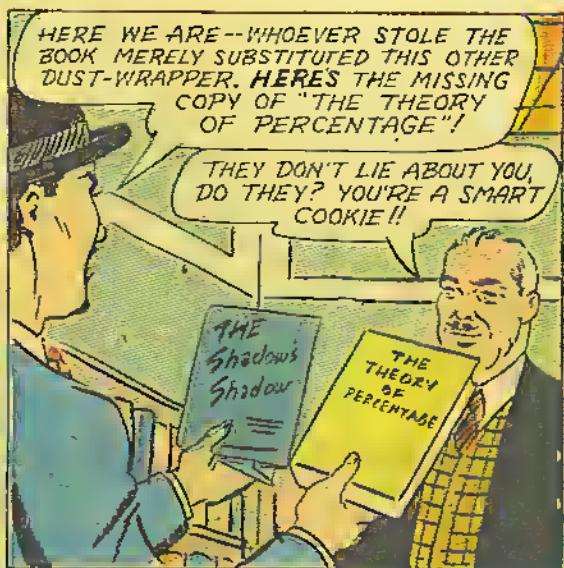
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT AND I SAW EVERYBODY LEAVE—I'LL SWEAR NOBODY HAD THE BOOK!

WHAT!? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE—I LOOKED EVERY WHERE!!

I SEE WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND... WELL, I DON'T... WHAT'S THE IDEA?



HERE WE ARE--WHOEVER STOLE THE BOOK MERELY SUBSTITUTED THIS OTHER DUST-WRAPPER. HERE'S THE MISSING COPY OF "THE THEORY OF PERCENTAGE"!



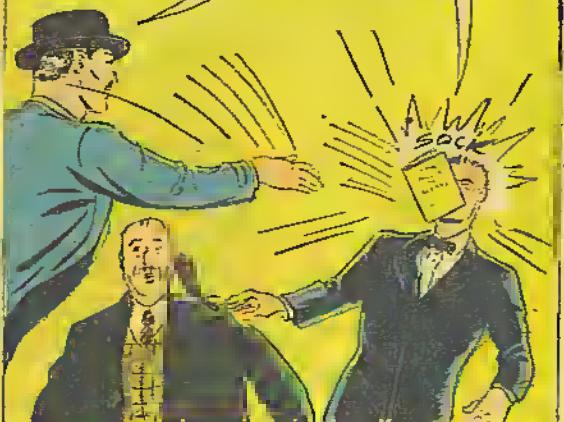
YES, I'M A SMART COOKIE ALRIGHT-- SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE WHOLE YARN YOU SPUN ME IS A TISSUE OF LIES-- I'LL KEEP THIS BOOK TILL I FIND OUT WHY YOU LIED TO ME!

GET HIM, LUGS!!



YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE READING TYPE, LUGS--HERE, TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!!

OW!

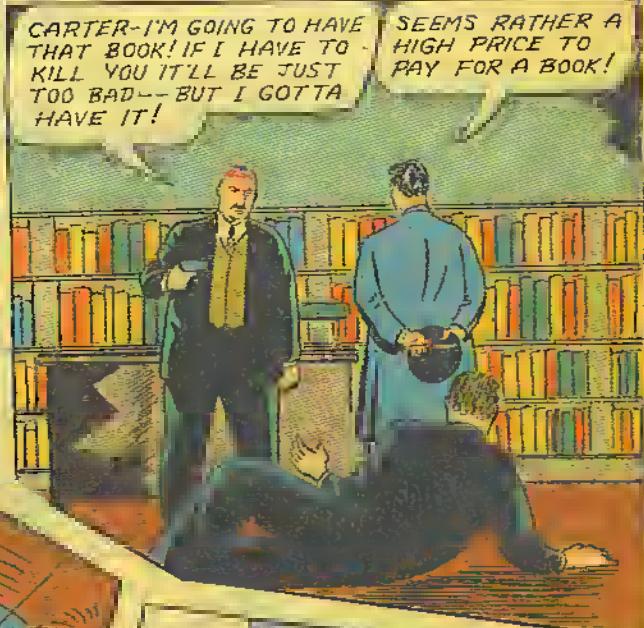


NOW THAT YOU'VE PULLED MY CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE, I'LL.....

MURRAY
SMACK!

IF YOU'RE INTIMATING THAT YOU'VE MADE A CAT'S PAW OUT OF ME, I'LL SHOW YOU THAT THIS PAW HAS CLAWS!!





THERE'S A CONFESSION IN HERE ALRIGHT, BUT IT'S MINE. SOMEONE GOT IT AND BOUND IT INTO THE BOARDS OF THE COVER OF THIS BOOK....



A QUESTION - WHEN THE BOOK
PART OF THE STORY TRUE? WAS LUGS THE
ONLY ONE WHO COULD'VE GOTTEN IN HERE?

YES THAT PART WAS
TRUE - THERE WAS
NO PEEBLES --
NOBODY COMMITTED
SUICIDE - BUT LUGS
WAS IN HERE....

DON'T LOOK AT
ME LIKE THAT-
BOSS -- I---



SO! - YOU SWIPE IT!
YOU WERE GONNA,
BLACKMAIL ME--
THAT'S NICE TO
KNOW, LUGS!!

AW, GEE, BOSS-- I
JUST WANTED TO
MAKE AN HONEST
DOLLAR!!



NICE WORK, DETECTIVE!
BUT YOU'RE STILL
GONNA GET BUMPED
FIRST! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF LUGS
LATER!!

GEE! I
CAN EXPLAIN-
HONEST I CAN,
BOSS!



BLAST CARTER--
AND MAYBE I
WON'T KILL YOU--

O.K. BOSS - IT'S A
PLEASURE!!

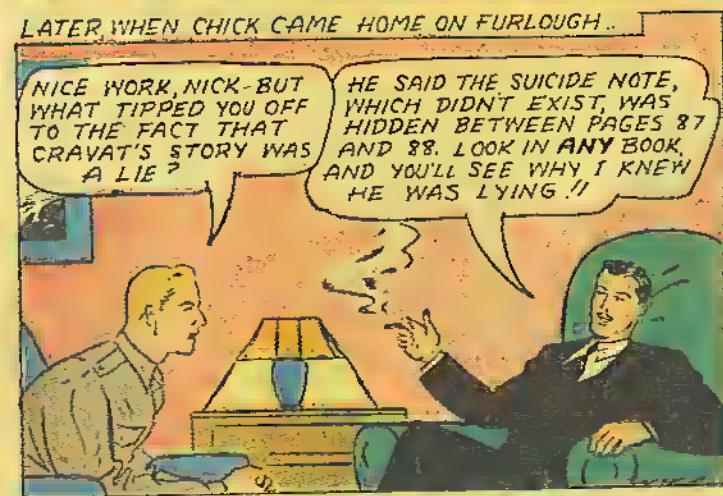


IF YOU DON'T MIND-
I'D RATHER NOT
DIE YET!

OH! - ME
HAND!

WAP!





(YOU'D BETTER LOOK UP THESE PAGES AND SEE WHY CRAVAT COULD NOT HAVE PUT A NOTE BETWEEN PAGES 87 AND 88....)

PITCHING THE BIG LEAGUE WAY
HOW TO THROW THE CURVE
FAST BALL
SLOW BALL
NUCKLE BALL
SCREW BALL
BALLOON BALL
TOLD BY IRA THOMAS
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS
IN
TRUE SPORT
NOW ON SALE

INNER CIRCLE



"RIGHT IS WRONG!"

"Somehow the information was being sent out of the country. We had no idea how. But it was my job to find out and fast!" Nick Carter eyed the assembled members of the Inner Circle which his foster son, Chick, had started—but which he, Nick, was carrying on, while Chick was off to war. They were all ears as Nick described how he had been assigned by Military Intelligence to track down a spy ring which had set up a 'post office' for the sending and receiving of information from and to the enemy.

"These spy 'post offices' are the center of any spy ring. Without them, the ring can no longer exist. You see very few spies are in their 'business' for patriotic motives. For them it is strictly a money deal. And it is through their 'post office' that they receive their Judas pay."

"It was a tough assignment. One of the toughest in my career." Nick paused and remembered how he had worried and fretted about the case at the time.

"For what seemed like years, I waited. There was nothing to go on. No clue, nothing at all that helped us. Till finally, one day, after I knew the 'post office' had been doing its deadly work successfully for a long while, we got a break. A spy that we caught dead to rights, faced with the firing

squad, some cold grey dawn, decided to talk. Unfortunately he didn't know too much. The small fry never do, because the brains know blamed well that given the opportunity the small fry will squeal. However, he was able to tell us one thing and that was his contact point. It was a little book store on the East side in N. Y.

"I don't believe," said Nick, "that any one point was ever kept under such vigilant surveillance as that shop. At any hour of the day or night we had men watching. We had reports of each person that even stopped to look in the book store window.

"Finally, after weeks of observation we managed to winnow down a list of names of the people who were seen to enter the shop. Some of those people, we knew, were the ones we wanted.

"The next step was to determine which."

"Good grief," asked Beef, "how could you do that? I don't suppose this kind of a spy talks with a German accent or anything like that?"

"No indeed, not those members of Himmler's spy schools. They spoke straight Americanese. They looked and acted as though they'd been born and brought up right here. They'd been planted in this country long before we ever thought of war. They had respectable jobs, were generally



highly thought of by their friends and neighbors. Some were even married to Americans who never had an idea of what they really were!"

"That it was. The owner of the book store was a woman and we were so much in the dark that we had no idea whether she was in on the whole thing or was merely being used as a dupe by the spies." Nick took a drink of water before he went on. "At night, after the store was closed, we ransacked the place. We knew that since it was being used as a 'post office' there were a lot of records that *had* to be kept there. We knew that it was too much for anyone to carry in their memory. There had to be written records but do you think we could find hide or hair of them? Nope!"

"There's an awful lot of places to hide things in a book store," said Sue, "good gravy! They could hide things in the bindings of the books or between the pages and . . ."

"You don't flatter us, do you, Sue?" smiled Nick. "I assure you, we went through every book in the store. Went through them with a fine tooth comb and found exactly nil!"

"Not finding anything just redoubled the intensity of our watch. We weeded down our list of the people who went in and out of the store till we had a list of perhaps twenty people. We knew that ten or maybe eleven of them *had* to be spies. Something had to be done. The man, high in government circles who had called me in and asked for my aid, was getting impatient." Nick looked unhappy at that recollection then went on. "I decided we had to take the bull by the horns. Luck played into our hands a trifle at this time.

"Ten of the twenty people on our list were in the store at one time. This I decided had to be it, evidence or no evidence."

"What'd you do?" asked Beef as Nick smiled to himself.

"We descended on that store like locusts. We had the place surrounded, there wasn't a chance for a fly to get out of that cordon! We went in with our hands full of guns. As we slammed through the door, I saw out of the corner of my eye, a flicker of motion. I concentrated and was able to make out

what seemed to be a man in a dark blue, double-breasted jacket. The jacket was buttoned on the right side. The figure's face was in shadow and I couldn't make out the



features. There was a slamming sound and as I leaped, the figure seemed to vanish!"

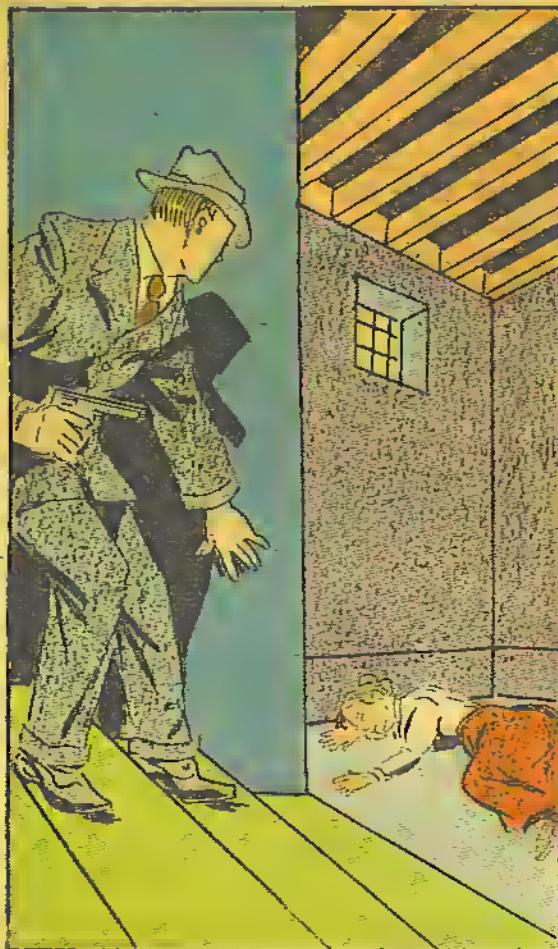
"Vanish, how?" Sue asked.

"When I ran into where the figure had been, I felt my face slam into the cold of a glass surface and realized I'd been looking at a mirror. Across the room from where I'd been watching there was a trap door so cleverly concealed that we'd never found it, I realized.

"The people who were in the store pretended complete ignorance of what had gone on. One finally said that just as we had crashed in, a man, unknown to this person who was speaking, had grabbed the woman who owned the shop and walked her across to the wall. Then, our entry disturbed our observer. The speaker said he had no idea of what had happened to the mystery man or the woman owner of the store."

"That could have been what I had seen out of the corner of my eye, I realized. We took our haul downtown. That is the other members of my raiding staff did. I stayed behind and went over the wall till I finally found the button, carefully concealed behind a light fixture, that opened the trap door.

"I pressed the button. You can be sure that I went down the stairs that were then exposed by a sliding panel, as carefully as though I were stepping into a nest of rattlesnakes. But my care was wasted. When I got down to the foot of the stairs I found the woman owner of the store laying in a crumpled heap on the floor. Not far from her lay the man's blue jacket I had seen.



Of the man, if there had been a man, there was no sign. As I stood there looking around the cellar room from which I could see no possible means of egress, the woman opened her eyes and groaned."

The members of the Inner Circle sat

forward on the edges of their seats. This was what they waited for at each monthly meeting; these stories of Nick's active life as crime fighter.

"She said, 'The man . . . where is he?'"

"She followed the direction of my eyes and saw that we were alone. She asked me what had happened and I told her what the witness upstairs had told me. She asked what it was all about. Why we had raided her shop and a lot of other questions. I took her upstairs and phoned for the boys to come back. The whole thing had dropped into line in my mind for as I had listened to her, I had been idly riffling through the pages of a book.

"She must have known I had them nailed dead to rights when she saw me discover her secret but she never batted an eyelash.

"Even when I got her downtown she still pretended innocence. What had given her away, of course, was the way she had buttoned the man's jacket which she had donned as an impromptu disguise!"

"But," Beef said, "you said when you saw the figure in the jacket that the jacket was buttoned on the right side. That's the way a man *does* button his coat! A woman buttons it on the left side! Even I know that!"

"You're warm," smiled Nick, "but you're missing one point! When I saw her, it was in a mirror! Right was left! That was what gave her away!"

"Right was wrong, you mean!" said Sue. "I get that. But what was it you found when you riffled the pages of one of the books?"

"Their whole secret. The way they had been communicating right under our noses. They had written their messages on the edges of the pages of books!"

"Huh?" That was Beef. "How come you couldn't see the messages?"

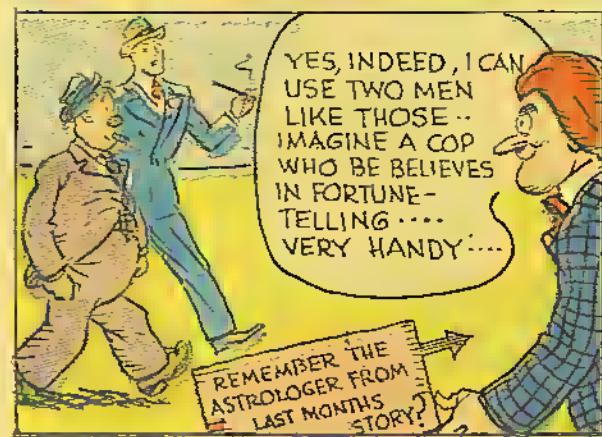
"Because before they wrote them, they curved the edges of the books." Nick picked up a book and demonstrated, as he went on. "They wrote on the curved edge, then when the book straightened out, the message disappeared! Try it yourself and see!"

Nick adjusted his black Homburg to its usual jaunty angle and waved a hand in farewell. "See you next month, same time, same place." He smiled and was gone.

FLATTY FOOTE

in the POLICEMAN'S BALL

INTO EACH LIFE A LITTLE FUN MUST FALL. FLATTY HAD HIGH HOPES FOR THE BIGGEST EVENING OF THE YEAR, THE POLICEMAN'S BALL. HOW WAS HE TO KNOW THAT FATE DOGGED HIS EVERY STEP? OR TO PUT IT ANOTHER WAY, THAT BOTH HIS FEET WERE DOGS?



GOOD GRIEF---
I WONDER IF THEY
WANT ME FOR THAT
DETROIT JOB?

FLATTY---
LOOK OUT--

STOP!
PUFF, PUFF
JOB---

JOB--THEN THEY DO
KNOW ABOUT IT--THIS
BARREL SHOULD
DISCOURAGE
HIM!

OW! PLEASE
STOP THIS
NONSENSE,
I WANT YOU--

OH DEAR- WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO BEING
A SUAVE SUPER SLEUTH WHEN I AM TIED
TO A LOW GRADE COMIC LIKE FLATTY
FOOTE

I KNOW HE
WANTS ME,
BUT HE AIN'T
GONNA GET
ME!

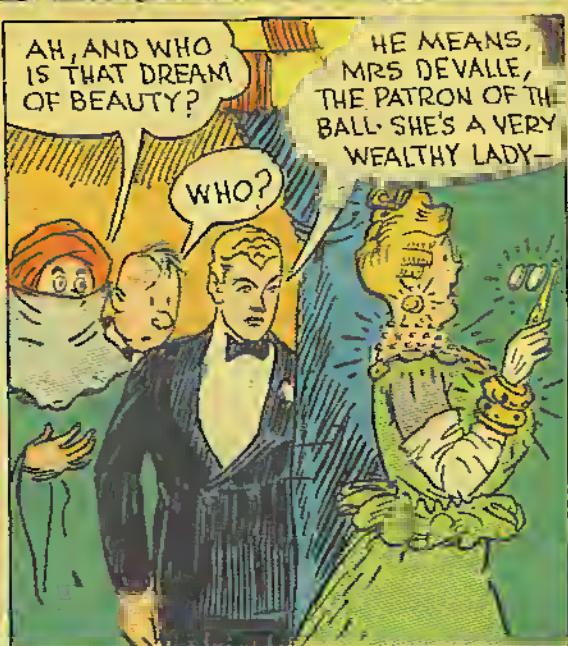
IF I CAN MAKE
IT TO THE NEXT
MANHOLE
MAYBE I CAN--
OOF!

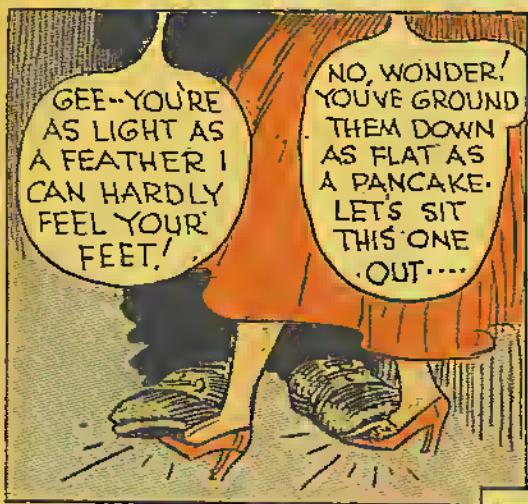
IMAGINE
MEETING
YOU
HERE!

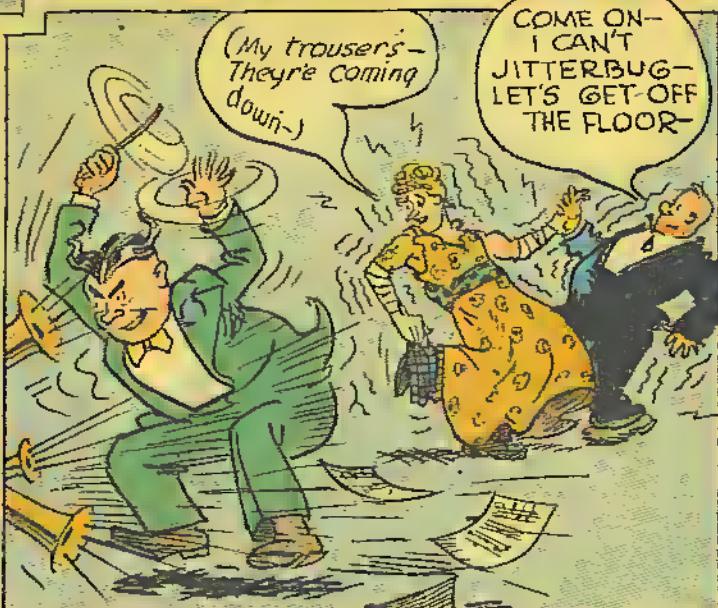
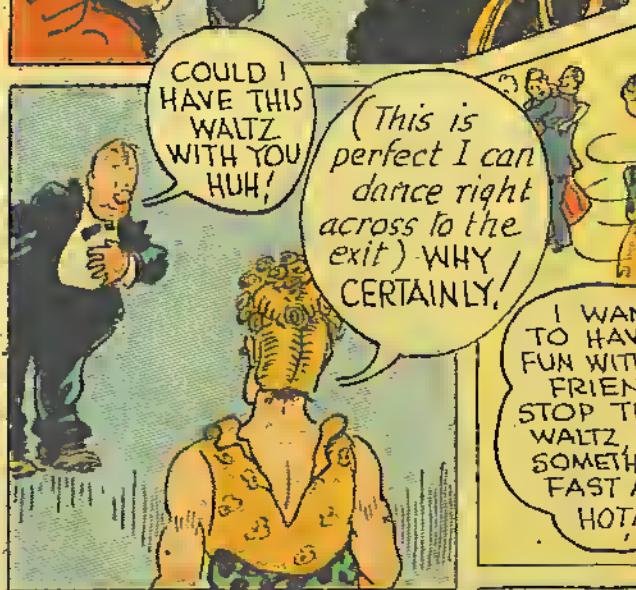
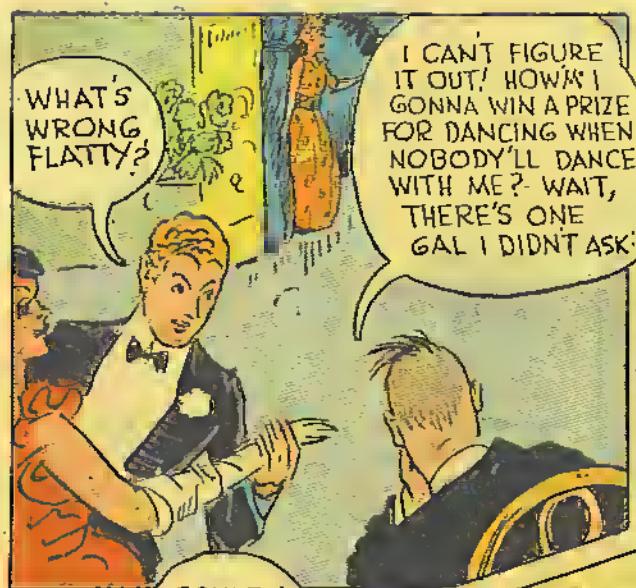
WHAT LUCK.
JUST THE MAN
I WANTED--WILL
YOU READ
FORTUNES AT THE
POLICEMAN'S BALL
TONIGHT?

WILL I...
GULP--SURE!
BE GLAD
TO!

UNDER THE SURFACE





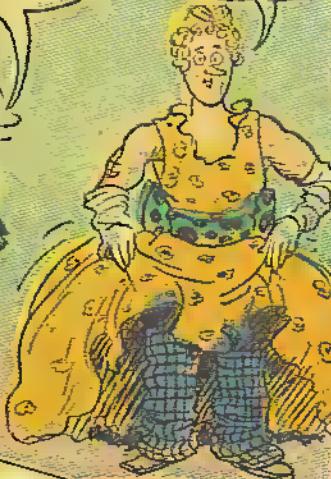


(I'm lost if I have to walk off)
COME ON GATE LET'S RECIPROcate!

WHO ME?
HEY WHAT'S

YOU'RE NOT...
YOU'RE THE ASTROLOGER!

I GOTTA
MAKE A GETAWAY



WHY THIS GUY
MUST BE A CROOK!

YOU CATCH
ON FAST
DON'T
YOU?

NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU
I'VE WANTED TO MEET YOU
FOR A LONG TIME
YOU'RE WANTED IN
DETROIT FOR A
JEWEL JOB!



HERE YOU ARE
FLATTY - YOU WON IT!
THAT'S THE BEST
JITTERBUGGING WE
EVER SAW!

I GOT
YOU!



GEE, I REALLY
WON A PRIZE FOR
DANCING! YOU'RE
A ROTTEN CROOK.
BUT A FINE
FORTUNE TELLER!

SO THAT'S
FLATTY FOOTE! HE'LL
BE SEEING MORE OF
ME, NOW THAT I'VE
FOUND HIM! I'M A
KILLER DILLER AND I
DON'T MEAN JUST
IN MUSIC!





TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

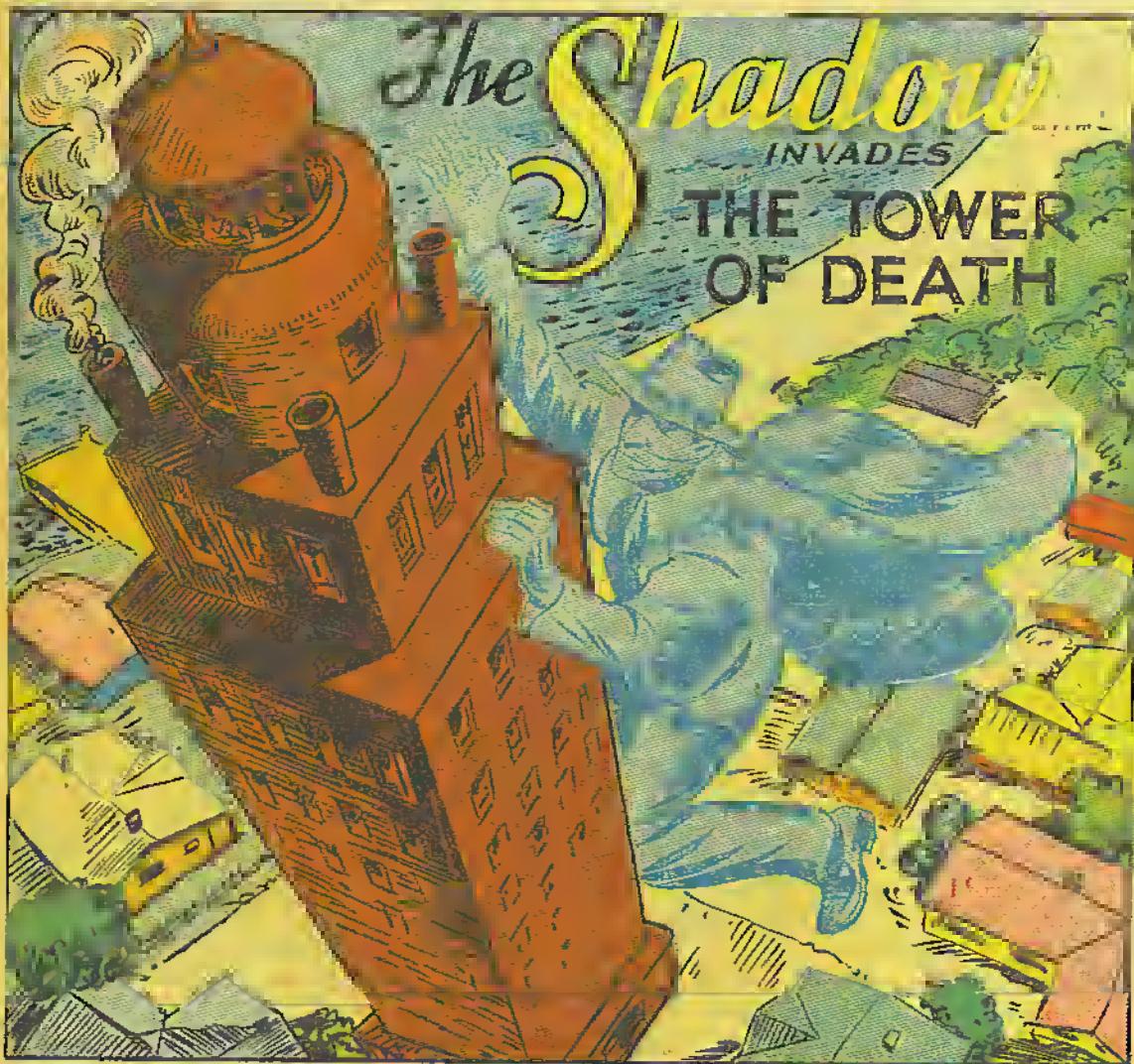
We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

*General William S. Drayton
Douglas MacArthur
George S. Patton
Dwight D. Eisenhower
C. G. Munro
Admiral*

**MAKE THIS HIS LUCKY SEVENTH
- BUY A BOND TODAY -**

The Shadow INVades THE TOWER OF DEATH



IN THE VICINITY OF GULF CITY, A VITAL INDUSTRIAL CENTER, SERIOUS CRIMES HAVE OCCURRED INCLUDING THE HIGH-JACKING OF ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES!!!



THOUGH OUTRAGED BY SUCH OUTLAWRY, THE AUTHORITIES ARE BAFFLED AND THEREFORE HELPLESS. BUT EVEN IN GULF CITY, CRIME CAN NEVER PAY.

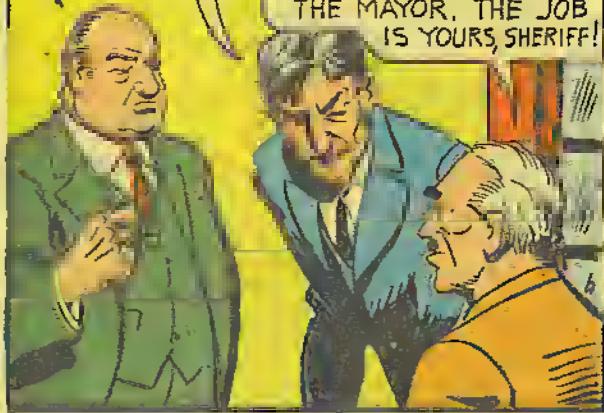
THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!

WELL, SHERIFF, IT'S UP TO YOU NOW!

I'M COUNTING ON MR. WILSHAM
HERE, AS HEAD OF THE CIVIC
COMMITTEE—

IN THE CIVIC TOWER, A GROUP OF MEN
ARE DISCUSSING THE CRIME WAVE WHILE
GULF CITY BASKS SERENE—

BUT I AGREE WITH
THE MAYOR, THE JOB
IS YOURS, SHERIFF!



WELL, MY MEN ARE COVERING THE
WHOLE COUNTY, EXCEPT FOR THE
HILL DISTRICT.

NOTHING COULD HAPPEN IN
THAT REGION, SHERIFF.

WELL, GENTLEMEN, ALL
SEEMS UNDER CONTROL.
I SHALL SEE YOU LATER.



WENDING
THROUGH THE
RAVINES OF
THOSE VERY
HILLS, THE
OCEAN LIMITED
IS BRINGING
TWO VISITORS
TO
GULF CITY--

HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE WE
REACH GULF CITY, LAMONT?

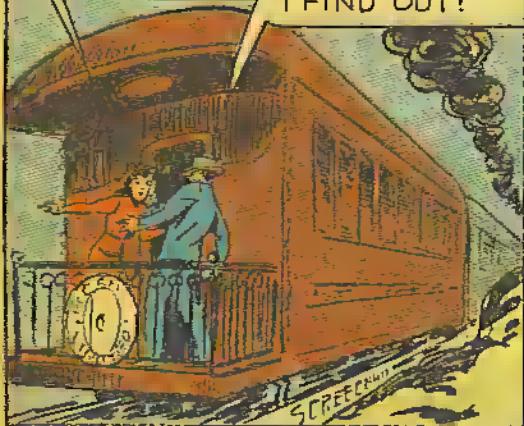
ABOUT TWO HOURS. THESE
GRADES ARE VERY STEEP.



NEARLY TWO HOURS LATER—

WHY- WHY, WHAT STOPPED US SO SUDDENLY?

GET INSIDE, MARGO, WHILE
I FIND OUT!



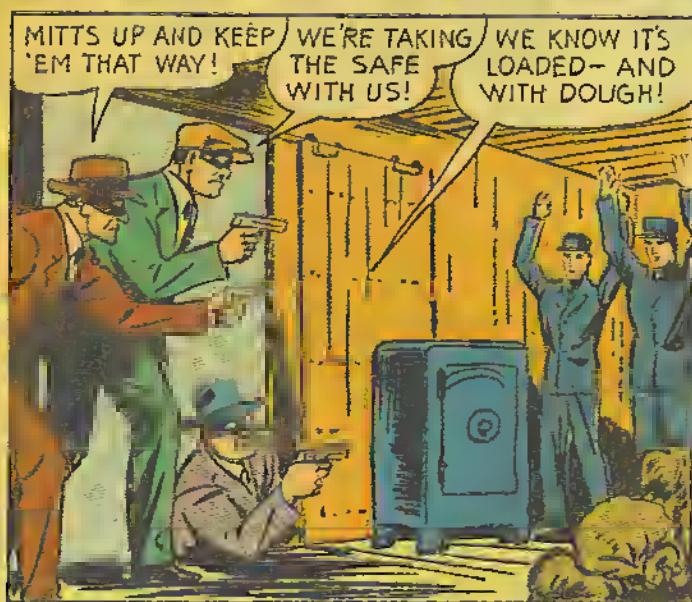
I HAVE AN IDEA
THE SHADOW
WILL BE NEEDED
UP AHEAD!



MITTS UP AND KEEP
'EM THAT WAY!

WE'RE TAKING
THE SAFE
WITH US!

WE KNOW IT'S
LOADÉD— AND WITH DOUGH!



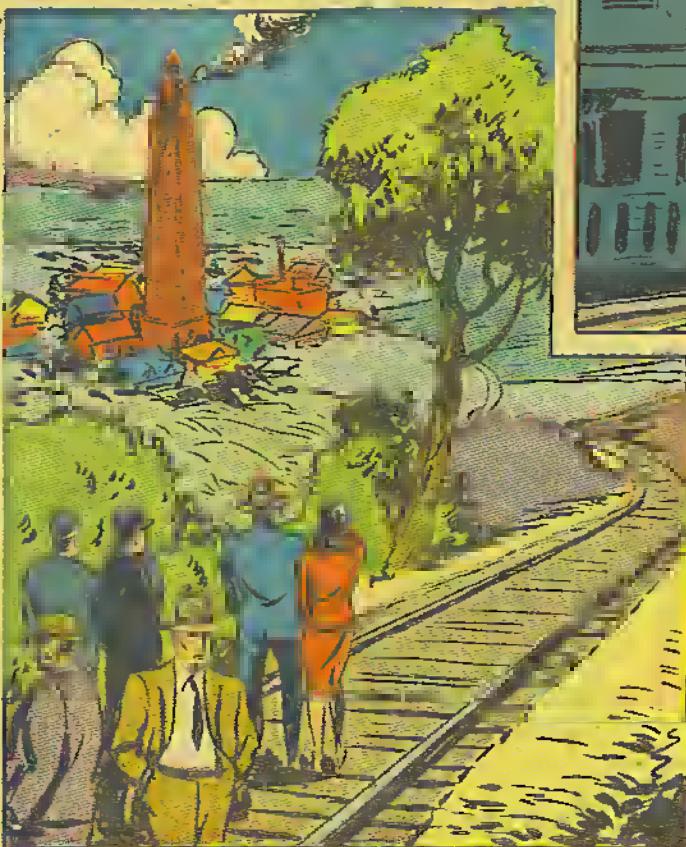
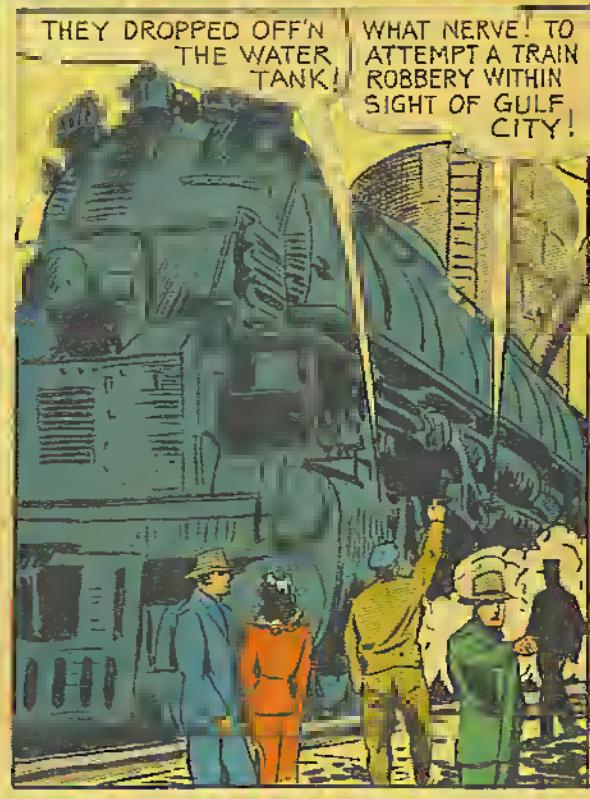
SAY- WHAT'S HOW DID THAT
HAPPENING CYCLONE GET
IN HERE ?

IT MUST HAVE
JUST BLEW!



— AND I WAS RIGHT!





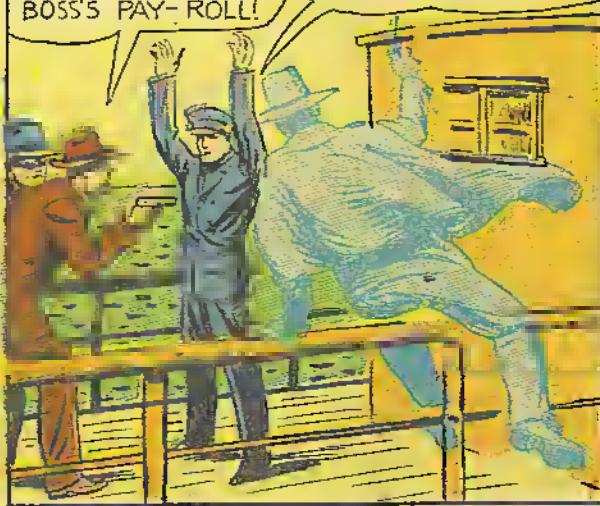
THREE DAYS IN GULF CITY
AND ALL YOU'VE DONE IS
KEEP STARING FROM THE
WINDOW.

I'M WATCHING
FOR SIGNS OF
COMING CRIME,
MARGO.



ALRIGHT, SKIPPER!
HAND OVER YOUR
BOSS'S PAY-ROLL!

HOW DID YOU KNOW
IT WAS ON BOARD?



HERE'S SOMETHING YOU
DIDN'T EXPECT ON BOARD!

THE SHADOW!

LET'S
GO



THERE
THEY GO!

ALRIGHT!
WE'LL FOLLOW!



BUT HOW DID
YOU KNOW
ABOUT THIS
PIRACY?

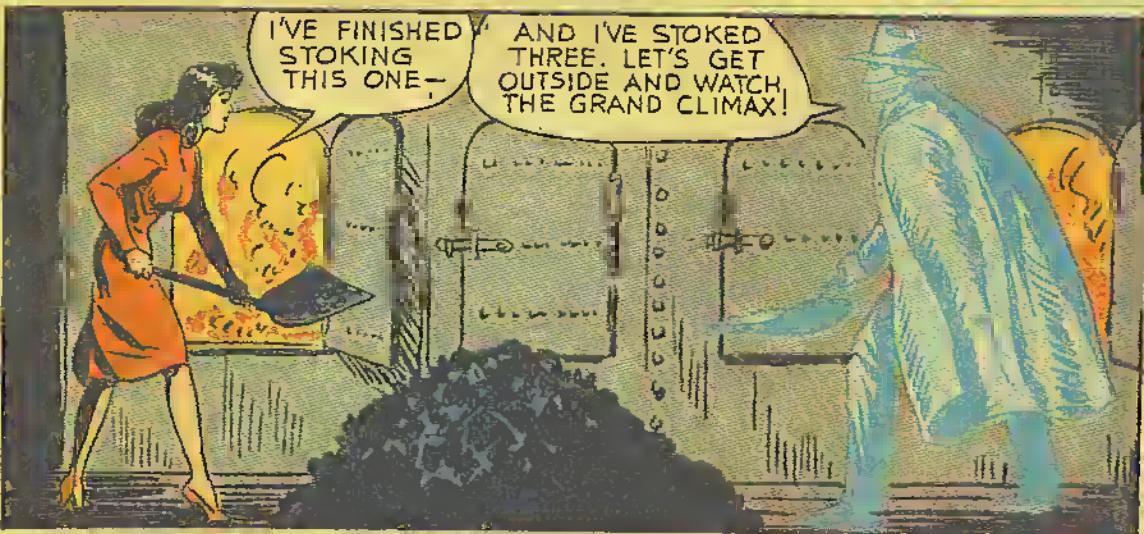
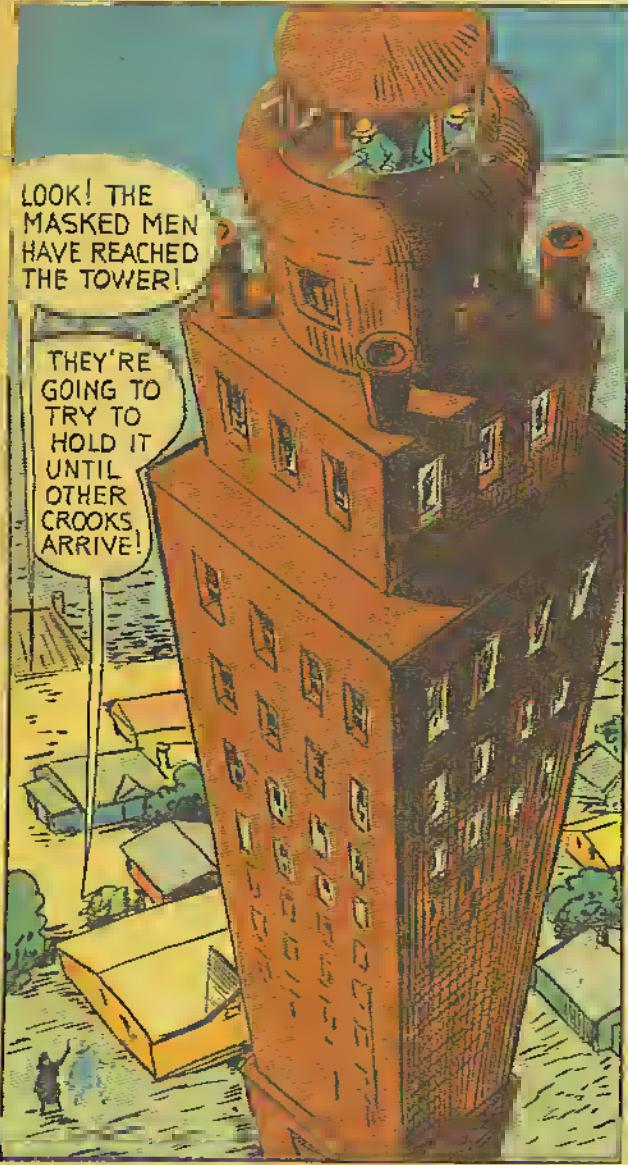
FROM THE SMOKE
SIGNALS. EACH CHIMNEY
OF THE CIVIC TOWER TELLS
FROM WHICH QUARTER
CRIME CAN SAFELY
STRIKE!



WHY THAT'S RIGHT!
SMOKE WAS COMING
FROM THE HILL
CORNER WHEN
THEY TRIED TO
ROB THE TRAIN

AND IT'S STILL
COMING FROM THE GULF
CORNER WHERE THE
ATTEMPT AT PIRACY
JUST FAILED!





CAUGHT BY THE SWIRLING BREEZE,
THE DISGORGED SMOKE COMPLETELY
FILLS THE OPEN TOWER, THREATENING THE
BARRICADED CROOKS WITH SUFFOCATION!!!



THERE GOES WILSHAM!
THEY HAULED HIM OFF
A LEDGE!

HE WAS LUCKIER
THAN SOME OF THE
OTHERS!

WHOEVER STARTED
THOSE FURNACES MUST
HAVE KNOWN HE'D
SMOKE OUT WILSHAM
TOO!

THERE THEY
COME - AND HOW!

WILSHAM IS
WITH THEM!

HE WAS THE
BIG SHOT WHO
KEPT THEM
POSTED!

I WONDER WHO DID KNOW,
MARGO!

THINK IT COULD
HAVE BEEN THE SHADOW!



GIVE OR SELL IT!
SORT AND BUNDLE
BROWN PAPER, BAGS,
CORRUGATED BOXES
WASTEBASKET SCRAPS
OLD NEWSPAPERS
OLD MAGAZINES
CALL YOUR
SALVAGE COMMITEE
TODAY!